

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

Established November 11, 1855

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1900.

Ten Cents Per Copy.

A TWO NICKER.

The Old Printer Explains What He Meant by the Expression.

"I was just stepping off the street car," remarked the old printer, who was telling a story, "when I met a two nicker face to face."

"You met a what?"

"A two nicker. And, as I was saying, she."

"But what in the world is a two nicker?"

"Oh, you know what that is, don't you?"

"No, I don't. Never met one in my life."

"Well, a two nicker is a lady, a woman, anything that wears petticoats."

"I never heard the expression before. Where does it come from?"

"Now you're too hard for me. I don't know where it started, but in the good old times of case type and hand presses it was the common expression used to designate a woman in a printshop. It wasn't used outside of the composing rooms. I'll tell you how I think it arose. All the old hand type, as everybody knows, is provided with nicks on the side, so that the typesetters don't have to look at the face of the type to know how to throw it in the 'stick.' Far back in prehistoric days the type had only one nick, but later two nicks became the style, and 80 years ago two nicks was the usual thing. But there came improvements in typesetting, and it was discovered that three or four nicks on the side of the type made it easier for the printer to handle, and so the three or four nicker type came into style and the two nicker type went into disuse and had repulse. Printers despised the two nicker type. About that time when you got a foothold in the printing office, they were not regarded with favor by the old time printers. The women and the two nicker type were in about the same category in the esteem of the old type, and it was very natural that he should come to express both by the same words. They both became 'two nickers,' and the expression has become traditional in printshops."—Memphis Schmitz.

GROWTH OF CARICATURE.

John Law's Wild Schemes Gave It Tremendous Impetus.

Caricature is nowadays one of the principal methods of criticism. No movement can overreach the mark without eliciting dozens of works of art from caricaturists all over this and all other countries.

This branch of criticism and attack dates far back, but the greatest impetus it ever felt came from the age of tremendous speculation, when, in 1719 and 1720, John Law was manipulating things financial in France. Never before had the financial world been so carried off its feet as it was at that time. Members of the nobility were waiting for a chance to purchase shares in Law's schemes. Duchesses and ladies of high renown tried their most persuasive charms on Law in the attempt to get hold of shares. Men hired out their backs for writing desks, so great was the press of business in making contracts, and one hunchback is reputed to have made 100,000 francs in this way in a few weeks. The French went verily mad over the schemes to become wealthy. Naturally the papers of the time, especially those of Holland, caricatured the state of affairs. There were pictures of all sorts, caricaturing Law, the nobility, the schemes and everything connected with them.

It was this tremendous amount of pictorial work that first directed the energies of William Hogarth, in London, in this direction. Caricaturing began to be used more and more in the political field, and soon afterward it caused the shelving of Robert Walpole from the English ministry. Ever since then has caricaturing been one of the bitterest and most effective methods of checking public men and their schemes.

Mr. William Hawley Smith, in his "Walks and Talks," tells of a remark made by an Irish friend which might be applicable in many cases:

"He used to be very fond of hearing the bishop preach and always went to service when that dignitary held forth. I met him on the street one Sunday when I knew the bishop was preaching about a big snake who was in his paw, to which he replied:

"Troth, I don't go to hear the bishop any more."

"Why, what's the matter?" I said.

"You haven't 'gone back' on a good man, have you?"

"No," he answered, "but it's the truth I'm telling you, when you've heard the bishop a half dozen times all after that he is variations!"

A Remarkable Prediction.

Manasse Cutler of Massachusetts, in a circular in 1787 "booming" the settlement which the New Englanders were about to plant on the Ohio at the mouth of the Muskingum, declared that "the current down the Ohio and the Mississippi, for produce and merchandise of all sorts, would one day be more crowded than any other streams on earth," which was a remarkable prediction, considering that it was made 20 years before Fulton's Clermont was launched in the Hudson, which was the first steamboat in the world ever put in successful operation. —Beeble's Weekly.

A Spee on Shipwreck.

An excellent Scotchman had for 37 years brought home his full wages every week, says the Newcastle (England) Chronicle. Once at the end of the period he gave his wife sixpence less than the full amount. This so distressed the thrifty woman that she went to consult the minister on the subject. He tried to comfort her by saying that sixpence in 37 years was not a large amount.

"It's na the money a'm thinking of," she replied, "but a'm fearing that Mac has been taking to drink and betting, maybe, and other worldly pleasures."

Spoken In Irony.

Wearry Watkins—Any interesting in that there paper you get round your headout?

Hungry Higgins—Oh, yes! Mighty interesting to you an me. On one side they is a billofare for a banquet, an on the other side is a description of them new counterfeit twenties—Indianapolis Press.

Cattleman or Gambler.

"One day last fall," said a well-known Montana capitalist, "I was riding on a train in my state and got to be on pretty fair terms with the train boy by buying a few of the things he had to sell. It was not a very formal kind of a train, and when the boy had finished his rounds he came over to sit with me and 'chit a bit,' as he said. I was willing enough, as he was a sharp lad and there was nobody else to talk to, and he went right at things."

"Do you know," he said, "that I can tell by looking at a man mighty near what he is. Now, there's that fellow over there in the corner; he's a Chicago drummer. I can tell him by the way he lets his money go and the flip style he has when he talks to people. And that chap over there with the silk hat; he's a preacher from a country town, I'm dead sure, and I'll go ask him if you say so, because I didn't care with his descriptions of the people on the train. At last I asked him what he thought I was. I had on a pretty flashy suit of light stuff and was thinking I was looking pretty well, so I was willing to risk the boy's venture. He looked me over for a full minute very carefully."

"Well," he said at last, "you've got a sloo of money, but I can't find sure whether you are a cattleman or a gambler." —Washington Star.

A Fisherman's Trick.

"One day I was talking fish with a number of friends," said an old fisherman, "and I made a bet that I could catch more perch than any other man in the party in a given time. The crowd picked out the most experienced fisherman in the lot, and we set a day to try our luck. The day before the match I got a large glass jar, filled it with water and put some minnows in it. Over the mouth of the jar I put a piece of parchment in which I had made some small holes. Then I went to a point just east of the waterworks, picked out a likely spot and sank the jar in the river, first attaching a cork float to it by which I could locate it next day."

"We went out for the fishing match the following afternoon, and I soon found my float and anchored there. The other man located a short distance away, and we began. The perch were just beginning to run, and in a little while I had pulled in 180 perch, while my opponent got only 24. Then he gave up, and I won my bet."

"I showed the boys the trick before we left the fishing ground. You can always in that way make a good catch of fish that will swallow minnows. The sight of the bait in the jar always attracts a crowd of fish and seems to put them in good biting humor."—Detroit Free Press.

The Center of the Earth.

Of late years the general view has been that the interior of the globe, though partly liquid, is for the most part solid. Scientists have considered that a section through the earth would show the following:

(1) An outer solid envelope, (2) a semifluid envelope, (3) a fluid envelope, (4) a semifluid envelope, (5) a solid nucleus. No. 1 results from a reduced temperature only, No. 2 from a pressure and temperature not quite sufficient for liquidation, No. 3 from a pressure sufficiently high to produce complete liquidation, No. 4 from a pressure so great as to prevent even the terrific heat which most certainly exists deep down in the earth from completely liquefying the material on which it works, and No. 5 from a pressure which overcomes completely the liquefying power even of the maximum heat of the interior.

This pressure is estimated to be at the center of the earth 7,180,593,750 pounds to the square foot, a pressure so enormous that no known substance could fuse beneath it. Even hydrogen at the highest possible temperature would make such conditions become as hard as diamond. How it seems probable that, far from there being a vacuum at the center of the earth, there is a basis of intensely solid matter there. —Pearson's Weekly.

The Poodle and the Lions.

"I notice," said the automobile Montgomerians that horses often make a dive for the corn he palms," remarked one art league student to another.

"Well, there might be some truth in it," said the second. "I saw a little incident at the art institute the other day that made me think of Mr. Montgomery's proud boast. You know those big lions on the sides of the steps, the work of Kemeys, are pretty lifelike. I was standing looking at them when a little white poodle came down the steps and made a dive for the corn he palms. The poodle had a gold collar around his neck and was altogether one of the finest, dandified specimens of a dog that you could find. He walked up to one of the lions, settled back on his hind legs, and looked at the big stone beast. Then he sniffed and glanced around inquiringly. All at once he made up his mind. He made a fierce rush for the lion, barking as viciously and as loud as a dog six inches long could bark. He positively swelled up and appeared about to explode with wrath."

"There you are, if Kemeys' lions so excited a poodle dog, it may be that horses will elude Montgomery's corn pictures." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Planable, but Failed.

The cunning of children is well recognized to be of a very superior kind, and it is seldom if given a chance that they cannot inveigle their elders into seeing things their way. The following is an instance of where a little girl slipped up on this by not taking into consideration that her mother had had enough experience with children to have an insight into their nature."

The girl's birthday was a couple of weeks off, and her parents had told her that they were going to give her a handsome present upon that occasion. She had been counting "the minutes" for several days, but thinking she could not possibly await her birthday without knowing what her present would be she stole softly up to her mother and begged her to show her the present.

"Why, it wouldn't be right to show it to you now," her mother answered, "because we want to surprise you on your birthday."

"Oh, that's all right!" exclaimed the little one. "I'll forget what it is before then." —Memphis Schmitz.

THE STEWARDSHIP.

The expectation in which the American people, turning from the Democratic party, entrusted power four years ago to a Republican chief magistrate and a Republican congress, has been met and satisfied. When the people then assembled at the polls, after a term of Democratic legislation and administration, business was dead, industry paralyzed and the national credit disastrously impaired. The country's capital was hidden away and its labor distressed and unemployed. —Extract from Republican National platform.

Political parties are gigantic organizations of men formed for the purpose of administering the affairs of government on certain, definite lines, which the effective majority of the people lay down as just and salutary.

These parties are beholden to the people for their stewardship and deserve to be continued in power just in the proportion that their promises and policies have borne the test of time and trial. They deserve to be judged by what they have done, by the measure in which they have performed their promises and by the proved utility of their policies when applied.

By these tests should the Republican party stand or fall in the coming election.

It is in vain that attempts are made to explain away the bad times that attended the late Democratic administration, and that Bryanites would explain into nothingness the improved conditions which have followed the restoration of the Republican party and policies to power and action, for there is no fact in existence that can not be obscured by weaving in front of it intricate and subtle webs of sophistry.

In the eyes of the incapable all the elements and all the gods contribute to their undoing, and all the elements and all the gods of human destiny conspire

liberty it is a very bad sort of government and only a shade better than no government at all, which is anarchy.

This does not imply that, under a good government, there will be no murders, robberies, arson and that innocent men will never be put in jail, for malefactors are born into the world and do violence upon occasion, but the test of good government does mean that governments shall have stability of maintenance and honesty of administration, so that life will be reasonably secure and the accumulations of the people will not be swept away by oft recurring revolutions, as in the pretended republics of Central and South America. Unhappy is that people whose only security is their poverty.

And yet this is precisely the condition of those Spanish-American republics that have attempted self government without first equipping themselves for it by having an instructed citizenship.

Our insular possessions will be made self governing as rapidly as they can be equipped for it, but they can not become equipped for it without living for a considerable period under a government which can and will protect life and property and accord to the people that opportunity for progress that can only come of the enjoyment of an untrammelled liberty of person and equality of opportunity.

The "White Man's Burden," is to establish among the toppling governments of the partially civilized races of the earth that civic order without which the evolutionary forces of an advancing civilization can not operate. Christianity, commerce and industry will do this.

And there need be no fear that the peoples in our insular possessions will be governed after they are capable of being self governed. They will take to themselves an increasing share of civic

THE LIGHTSHIP.

When boats come home across the bar and winter's sunlight dies afar,
When green and purple darts across dawn
And hides the harbor and the town,
Each slight far out to sea a beam
Of pale, wan light sends forth its gleam
Across the peaceful, dark'ning tides
And marks the lightship where the ride.

When, humped, tossed, the ships slip by
The force of heading and the wind
Is torn with wrack of scudding cloud,
And winds of winter cry aloud,
As though the roar of crashing ware,
Above the tempest's moan and rave,
A voice comes o'er the troubled tides
And marks where yet the lightship rides!

Richard Stillman Powell in Criticism.

A DEAL IN WHISKY.

The Profits Were Not So Large as the Buyers Expected.

"There are tricks in the whisky business as well as in others," said the drummer for a large compounding house, "and I remember once how the drum I was with got stuck. One day a man drove up in a one horse wagon carrying one barrel of whisky, which he wanted to sell. He told us some kind of a story about an old uncle dying and leaving it to him; but, as he couldn't afford to use as good liquor as it was, he had concluded to sell it."

"We took the barrel into the house, and, prying out the bung, we slipped in the siphon and drew off a glass of it to sample. And it was fine. The barrel showed age, and the liquor tasted it. It was worth \$10 a gallon if it was worth a cent, but we didn't give the man any such pointers. We knew by the weight that there were at least 40 gallons of it, and we made him an offer of \$150 for the barrel. He higgled and awole, but took the money at last and drove away."

"In the course of a couple of weeks we concluded to put that whisky in bottles and sell it as case goods, so we set the siphon to work at the bung and began to draw it off. After the fifth bottle had been drawn the siphon refused to work, and we examined it to find what was wrong. We could not get it at that way, and, as the contents seemed to be all right, we set the barrel on end and bored another hole in it. Then the siphon worked, but the liquor was much paler, and one of the men tasted it. By George, it wasn't whisky at all! It was only water, colored somewhat from the charred inside of the barrel."

"That scared us, and we smashed the head in to see what was inside, and we saw in a minute. The whisky cuss had filled a can with fine old whisky to the bung where we made the examination before purchasing, and when that had been emptied the whole story had been told. He had probably paid \$3 for the gallon to fill the can, and we sold it for \$2.50 a bottle, but we didn't get a blamed cent for the 39 gallons, more or less, of water that filled the rest of the barrel." —Washington Star.

The Tomahawk or Tomahawk.

Tamahawk eventually came to designate the "war hatchet" of the Indian supplied by the military commanders of the whole continent in equipping the warriors on the many expeditions in which French and English were constantly engaged, and was furnished the Indian allies of the English in our war of independence.

This weapon was either in the form of a spear or hatchet blade on one side, while upon the opposite side there was a cuplike cavity, with a small hole extending into the eye of the weapon, into which a tough handle of wood was fitted 18 inches or two feet in length. The handle was perforated almost its entire length, and below the hollow of the bowl it was bored at right angles to this perforation, a suitable stemhole for the passage of the tobacco smoke when the implement was in use as a pipe.

The tomahawk pipe was not only attractive and popular in trade, but, like the earlier trade pipe, was given as a present at councils and ratifications of treaties. It was a hatchet and a pipe, a pipe and a hatchet all in one and answered an important military requirement in lessening the weight and cumbersome of the warrior, who otherwise would have tenaciously held to the stone pipe, which in itself was heavier than the tomahawk. —Smithsonian Institution Report.

All Alone.

"Ah," said the conceited fellow, with a view to making her jealous, "I was alone last evening with one whom I admire very much."

"Yes?" she said. "Alone, were you?" —Philadelphia Press.

The Truthful Manager.

"George, take down an advertisement as I dictate it, and then send it up. Ready? All right—Wanted, a man for a pleasant indoor position. Short hours, light work, no experience necessary, place permanent; salary, \$1,000 a year. Answer in own handwriting. Millionaire, Great Daily Office."

Clerk—I have it down, sir, and will send it to the printers at once.

Business Manager (a week later)—George, how many answers were received in reply to that advertisement?

Clerk—Eighteen thousand.

Business Manager (an hour later)—Good morning, sir. What can we do for you, sir?

Seedy Individual—What do you charge for an advertisement for situation wanted?

Business Manager—Our charges are high, 2 shillings a line, but you must remember the vast number of people we reach. Why, sir, in reply to one single advertisement inserted last week there were received 18,000 answers! —London Tit-Bits.

A Different Kind of Man.

A school inspector up Westchester way was making his rounds one day and visited a school not a thousand miles from Mamaronock. Among the questions he asked the children was, "What is a pilgrim?"

One child said, "A man who comes to America to be religious."

Another said, "A person who travels from place to place."

"Well, I do that," said the inspector.

"Am I a pilgrim?"

"Oh, no," said the boy quickly. "I meant a very good man." —New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Martyr.

"That's the way," cried the forger as sentence of ten years was imposed, "all of us great writers are compelled to suffer for giving full freedom to our art!" —Philadelphia North American.

No Private Interview.

"Could I have a few minutes private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office in the Loan and Trust building the other afternoon.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"That is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have anything to say, you can let her go right here. Now, what is it?"

"I wanted the loan of a quarter, sir," stammered the man.

"Oh, you did! And you wanted a private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that it would hurt both your feelings if I were refused in public—yours because you couldn't afford to loan me the money and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request, sir?"

"No, sir."

"And does it hurt your feelings?"

"Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"Yours alone."

"That's all," said the man as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feelings and no money. Impassable chasm; no use in trying to bridge. Good day!" —Washington Post.

Home Life in Porto Rico.

To one unaccustomed to tropical conditions the furnishing of the Porto Rican home would at first sight seem meager, but it is quite ample. A short residence will demonstrate that nearly 500 years of experience with the unpleasant features of life in the West Indies have been crowned by a survival of the fittest in house furnishing as in other matters.

Austrian bent wood furniture and also wickerwork and willow were constitute the main equipment of the parlors and living rooms. Upholstered furniture is unknown and undesired, little or no attempt being made at decoration except in the matter of embroidery and fine handmade lace work. Hundreds of yards of crocheted work are used in the embellishment of a single canopied bed. This work is the chief delight of the Porto Rican housewife.

The walls are for the most part bare, but here and there a painting of merit may be seen. The sofa pillow is the one great feature of the home. It is everywhere, in every conceivable shape and material. Ferns of gigantic size and exquisite formation, as well as broad spreading palm leaves, are used to festoon the walls and arched doorways. Cut fresh from day to day, they render the dark, cool rooms inviting and attractive. Potted tropical plants in great variety abound within and without the house.—Harper's Bazar.

HEART FAILURE.

Every day adds to the list of deaths attributed to heart failure. If the truth were told the bulk of these deaths might be written down as due to stomach failure. For it is in the failure of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, that "weak heart," "weak lungs," "weak nerves" and other forms of physical deterioration having their beginning. The man whose stomach is sound, who can digest and assimilate the food he eats, and so keep each organ of the body well nourished, is the man who is least liable to collapse under the sudden weakness of some vital organ.

The preservation of health which follows the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, is chiefly due to the fact that it perfectly and permanently cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood and increases the blood supply of the body. Weak people will find in this medicine a sure means of strength.

"I was under doctors' care for quite a time," writes Mr. J. F. Kidd, of Farmleyville, Wayne Co., Ky. "I had almost given me up, and my suffering was very great. My pulse was weak, breath short and I had severe pains in back, head and limbs. I was not able to do a day's work. I purchased five bottles of Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and by the time the fifth bottle was gone I was a well man."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the liver.

LEDGER'S CLUBBING RATES.

Ledger and Daily Call, one year	\$7 50
Ledger and Weekly Call, one year	3 60
Ledger and Daily Bulletin, one year	6 50
Ledger and Semi-Weekly Bulletin, 1 yr	4 20
Ledger and Weekly Bulletin, one year	3 80
Ledger and Daily Chronicle, one year	7 00
Ledger and Weekly Chronicle, one year	3 60
Ledger and Weekly Examiner, one year	3 60
Ledger and N. Y. Weekly Tribune, 1 yr	3 00
Ledger and N. Y. Tri-Weekly Tribune, 1 yr	3 50
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1 yr	3 35
Ledger and S. F. Weekly Post, one year	3 00
Ledger and McCall's Magazine, one year	2 75
Ledger and St. Louis Globe Democrat, 1 yr	3 00
Ledger and "Two Weeklies," one year	3 00

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The Stable equipped with first-class stock and vehicles. Suitable rigs for Commercial travelers with trunks.

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Vice-President, S. G. Spagnoli
Secretary and Cashier, Frederick Eady

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Henry Eady, S. G. Spagnoli, John Strom, C. Marella and Alex. Eady of Jackson.

SAFE DEPOSIT—Safe deposit boxes can be rented from the Bank of Amador County at the small expense of 30 cents a month, thereby securing you against any possible loss from fire or otherwise. Don't overlook this opportunity of protecting your valuables.

SAVE MONEY—Patronize a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County. We have the latest quotations on foreign exchange.

SAVE MONEY—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening up a bank account. A man or woman with a bank account has a financial standing. Don't let your money when you die it can't be found and you are liable to be robbed while alive.

Be Careful Keep Clean

Full supply of disinfectants, such as sulphur, chloride lime, carbolic acid, copperas and asafetida.

Every Spring the human system needs to be thoroughly cleaned, the same as a house. How few do it though! If they only knew how much difference it would make in their feelings and health.

The system needs to have the circulation set going—needs new rich blood.

THE CITY PHARMACY.

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JACKSON, CAL.
Will practice in all courts of the State.

JOHN F. DAVIS
LAWYER
JACKSON, CAL.
Office on Summit Street, opposite Courthouse.

JACOB L. SARGENT
ATTORNEY
JACKSON, CAL.
Office: Marella building, Court street. Mines and mining laws a specialty.

NOTARIES.

HILDA CLOUGH
Stenographer and

A Lake That Eats Bats.
A strange lake exists in the center of Sulphur island off New Zealand. It is 50 acres in extent, about 12 feet in depth and 15 feet above the level of the sea.

The most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees F.

The dark green colored water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphuric fumes constantly roll off this boiling caldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching this lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blowholes, which, when in full blast, present an awe-inspiring sight.

The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening, and often huge boulders and stones are hurled out to a height of several hundred feet by the various internal forces of nature.

A boat can be launched on the lake, and if proper care be observed the very edges of the blowholes may be safely explored.

Some idea of the strength of the acid saturated water of this lake may be gathered from the fact that a boat almost dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed, as the rivets had corroded under the influence of the acids.

Mr. Alfalfa Tallafiero.
"I suppose, said a government clerk to the man across the table, "that you have heard of the Virginia family of Derby which spells its name E-n-o-u-g-h-t-y, as well as the Chumleys of England, but I came across one the other day that I'll bet a bat you never heard of. The subject of the sketch was a Virginian or claimed that he was, and he was so youthful and unsophisticated that I guess he was telling the truth. Children and fools, you know, have a weakness in that regard. "I met the young fellow on a train between Richmond and Petersburg, and we struck up quite an acquaintance. He told me his name was Tolliver—Oliver Tolliver—and I very naturally asked him if he spelled his name as did the famous F. V. V. Tallafiero, and he said he did and seemed to be proud of it. I was rather proud to be friendly with one of the name myself and made myself extra agreeable.

When he left me at a way station and bade me goodbye, he tendered me his card and told me he hoped I would not forget him. I didn't look at the card till he had gone, and, would you believe it, the young fellow had his name spelled to match, as it were, and it appeared thus, 'Mr. Alfalfa Tallafiero,' which, in my humble opinion, was getting Oliver Tolliver down pretty fine. Don't you think so too?"—Washington Star.

Vampires Not Bloodsuckers.

Mr. James Rhen, who is engaged in a special study of bats, says that it is a fallacy that the vampire is a blood-sucker. Travelers and story writers are responsible for the story of the terrible bloodsucking vampire bats of South America. Nearly all general writers on this subject agree with them as to its criminal record, and they all concur in laying the blame on a vampire bat. The vampire bat, with an enormous leaf nose, has a very peculiar spectrum. This bat is common in South and Central America and, from his great size, being about two feet across the outspread wings, is a suggestive and repulsive enough object to impute the blood loving habit to.

As a matter of fact, this is a somewhat useful animal and is totally innocent of these charge, the bloodsuckers being two much smaller and rarer bats. The front teeth of these two latter have enormous lancets, occupying over half the tooth row of the animals and possessing very sharp edges, which can easily penetrate the human skin. The teeth of the big vampire, on the other hand, are simply adapted for a diet of insects and fruit. The true bloodsucking bats are much rarer than the vampire.—Philadelphia Record.

The Highest Court.
"No," said the judge firmly, "I will not consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"Sir," returned the young lawyer haughtily, "I shall not take this decision as final."

"You won't?"
"No, sir, I will not. I shall appeal to the court of last resort."

"Oh, very well," replied the judge. "Submit your case to her mother if you want to."—Chicago Post.

How Needles Are Made.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the point and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

In New York's New Rich Society.
A salient feature of the reign of the new rich is the habit of estimating a man's success in life solely by the money he has acquired. There are gatherings of society in New York where if the question were asked about a fellow citizen, "Has he been successful?" the answer would be in the negative had the person inquired about not accumulated wealth. No matter whether he had served his country as a soldier, statesman or philanthropist, had led the youth of his generation as a college president, had been an educator of the people in school or pulpit, had achieved wide renown as a jurist, had written a great book, had held multitudes enthralled by his poetry, had painted noble pictures, had advanced science or surgery, had created a leading newspaper or magazine! Nothing of all this tells. He is not a "success" because he has not piled up dollars to flaunt in the world's face!—Saturday Evening Post.

Saving His Compagnons.

Promoter—I called to see you about that bill, the details of which I wrote you a few days ago.

Legislator—Excuse me, sir, but I cannot lend my influence to any such scheme as that.

Promoter—Who has asked you to lend your influence? I have come prepared to pay you well for it.—Boston Transcript.

"The girl that carries off the young man the easiest," said the corn fed philosopher, "is the one that knows enough not to know too much."—Indianapolis Journal.

All the men who wreck banks and run away with money seem to be "nice fellows."—Boston Journal.

THE PITH OF POLITICS.

(By Arthur J. Pillsbury.)

A certain country editor is in a predicament and desires advice. Figuratively speaking he is astride of the top rail of a high fence with a wild bull raging on one side and an indignant mastiff standing on the other. While he is as safe as though he were in the bosom of Abraham the elevated station he occupies is not desirable as a permanent status and he feels that he must come down on one side or the other sooner or later, but whenever he manifests a disposition to descend his advantage is met by a sullen indifference that betokens strained relations. It may be safe enough but it is not comfortable to be on the fence. Next to a good lover the world loves a good hater. People who pride themselves on their political independence generally have not much else to take pride in. The battle of life belongs to the man who has decisive convictions and the man who has no convictions is a poor fellow. He is a poor fellow, holding the Philippines until time shall tell what we ought to do with them vs. crawling out of them, the maintenance of an army sufficient for the growing requirements of a growing country vs. reducing that army to the dignity of a posse comitatus—the man who is so independent as not to know what he ought to do in this crisis is an unstable equilibrium, carries his brains parted, like his hair, in the middle and will probably vote as directed by the last man who has him in hand before he casts his ballot. Belong to something. Take hold somewhere. Don't be a political unicorn.

Speaking literally this uncertain editor is in favor of an income tax, but does not think much of Bryan's party. He is opposed to a very high protective tariff, but is delighted with the way that President McKinley avoided provoking a war with Great Britain over the difficulty in the Transvaal. He is opposed to trusts and the free coinage of silver and believes in expansion but does not want too much war. All this gentleman lacks of being a Republican is a backbone. All that the Republican party wants of a protective tariff is to have it high enough so that it will protect and protective tariff that will not protect is not a protective tariff. The Republican party agrees with this gentleman perfectly in being opposed to trusts that strangle competition and limit production. And the Republican party not only does not want too much war but it does not want any war at all. The civil war was forced on it, so was the Spanish war and the war with the Philippines. It never provoked a war and never will, but while the Republican party is in power no nation on the earth can walk with impunity on the flutering tail of our civil whiskered, star spangled gentleman who wears striped trousers with the straps. If in the interest of a manful rigidity our country editor will apply a plaster cast to his spinal column he will be eligible to wear a McKinley button, descend from his uncomfortable perch on the fence and take a place in the ranks of a party of progress and among men of action. If there are others like him let them do so also.

By the way, Uncle Sam is the Republican party and the Republican party is Uncle Sam. The twin are one flesh. The Republican party is the party of achievement. It is made up of men of action rather than of speculation. It is made up of men who see things rather than of men who dream things. Because it is not emotional its opponents charge it with being materialistic, but it is not materialistic because it has faith in a national mission and a national destiny and leaves to God rather than speculation the eventualities of the unforeseen. When cartoonists come to depicting Uncle Sam sitting on a box whistling and whistling the reader may know that there is danger of his going Democratic. The Republican party cherishes lofty ideals without being impractical. It has enthusiasm without going beside itself. It marches steadily forward, but does not go hunting for adventure. It crosses bridges when it comes to them, is wide in its sympathies without being lachrymose, looks upon the capitalist as a useful factor in production rather than as an enemy to society, and upon the laborer as a very real party in interest worthy of dignified consideration rather than of demagogic demonstrations of idolatrous affection. For more than a generation the story of the Republican party has been the history of the country and when the Republican party ceased to make history so did the country. It is a good party to belong to and particularly commends itself to those who live in this world to be doing rather than to merely staying.

The political role the Examiner is playing is edifying if not very instructive. It is making pretense of supporting the tripod ticket but finds itself unable to support Bryanism. It stands for expansion, for a vigorous foreign policy, for the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine, extension of commerce, for leaving the finances of the nation as they are and for nothing whatever that Bryanism stands for except Bryan, and it stands for Bryan because it pretends to think that the Republican administration is not honest. Honest? My lord! The fakish Examiner abhorrent of Dishonesty! Satan nauseated by the smell of brimstone! Horror despatched on the face of a hag because of an indolent suggestion! The Examiner pays a higher tribute to the Republican party and its policy than it supposes when it confesses that the only vulnerable point in the armor of McKinley is that army contractors may, at the outset of the Spanish war, have obtained the best of bargains with the government and that a trusted employee stole stamps from the Havana postoffice. The campaign of 1884 was made on the plea: "Turn the rascals out and let us look at the books," and when the books were experted they were found to be less than a dollar out of the way. It is too soon to attempt to work that racket again. The policy of the Examiner is not only suggestive of a faint heart, but of heart failure.

Even the Examiner admits that President McKinley is honest, but then the San Francisco postoffice has been slow in building, and in the hurry of unpreparedness to go to war with Spain contractors received more than they ought for supplies and too high prices were paid for the use of vessels chartered. Sensible men knew that an effort to create an army in a day, to equip, victual, arm and transport it under martial orders would place the government at the mercy of sharp nosed contractors, and great has been the satisfaction

among reasonable men that scandals in the department of supply have been so few as they have and that the efficiency has been so great as it has, both ceasing altogether after the first week of preparation for the Spanish war. If the San Francisco Examiner can find no other ground for opposing the election of McKinley and Roosevelt than want of honesty on the part of the Republican administration it will do well to withdraw from the conflict, climb the fence and be a spectator.

But it illy becomes the followers of Bryan to raise the question of extravagance cost in the hasty preparation for the war with Spain, for it is not contended that there has been extravagance since the military commissary got down to work. As it is did after the immediate haste was over. Who are they who were responsible for the national unpreparedness for war that made the extravagance of haste inevitable? Why those who clamored without ceasing for the precipitation of a conflict for which the nation was totally unprepared, those who were so impatient of delay that they wanted Cuba invaded by an undisciplined mob of citizen soldiery without clothes, or arms or commissary stores, those who effected to regard an American soldier as a minion of imperial despotism, who begrudge every dollar that goes to buy a gun or burn a bit of powder, and who would reduce the army of the republic to the level of a sheriff's posse. And the same men are still in the same business and if they can have their way the military arm of the United States will be just as impotent for the next national exigency as it was for the last.

FOSTERING AMERICAN SHIP-PING.

Since the close of the civil war the United States has paid more than four billions of dollars to foreign ship owners for the carrying of American goods to foreign ports and the bringing to our own ports the goods we want that are produced elsewhere and we are now paying foreign ship owners \$900,000,000 a year for that service. The voter does not have to be told that this condition ought not to exist.

Let us see what the respective platforms say about it. Here is the voice of the Republican convention at Philadelphia:

Our present dependence on foreign shipping for nine-tenths of our foreign carrying is a great loss to the industry of this country. It is also a serious danger to our trade, for its sudden withdrawal in the event of European war would seriously cripple our expanding foreign commerce. The national defense and naval efficiency of this country, moreover, supply a compelling reason for legislation which will enable us to recover our former place among the trade-carrying fleets of the world.

This is so clearly to the point that little or nothing need be added to it. It will be noticed, however, that the party is not specifically committed to the pending shipping subsidy bill, but only to "legislation which will enable us to recover our former place among the trade-carrying fleets of the world."

That is what is wanted. If a better measure than the one pending can be devised let us have it.

But here is what Mr. Bryan's Kansas City convention has to say:

"We oppose the accumulation of a surplus to be squandered in such barefaced frauds upon the taxpayers as the shipping subsidy bill, which, under the false pretense of prospering American shipbuilding, would put unearned millions into the pockets of favorite contributors to the Republican campaign fund."

That is every word that is said in relation to the rehabilitation of the American marine and the earning by our own people for our own people of some part of the millions and billions we are paying for the uncertain service of foreign built and foreign manned vessels, likely to be called off at anytime (as the British wharf carrying vessels are now called away from California ports) to engage in carrying war supplies for the country whose flag they fly.

Mr. Bryan's party proposes nothing but, true to its obstructive instincts, opposes everything in sight.

There is not now to be found a more inviting field for national enterprise than the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine and it can not be accomplished without some sort of subsidy which will enable American vessels to meet on terms of equality the competition from the subsidized merchant marines of other maritime countries.

The Sultan's Barbarous Capital.
European ladies constantly run away with the idea that Constantinople is a civilized town and act accordingly. Then they are astonished when something disagreeable happens, and continually one hears of ladies being hustled, pinched or kissed by Turkish soldiers. It must be remembered that the soldiers are recruited from the wildest tribes in Asia Minor, where woman is considered an inferior creature, who must give way to man, besides being trained to avoid him on all possible occasions.

One can easily imagine that such a soldier is astonished to see a European lady unveiled, boldly expecting him to give way to her or at any rate not avoiding him, and he naturally takes it to be an advance on her part. Ladies have often told me they have been pushed by soldiers into the gutter, and I have nearly always found that it is simply as I have explained, that neither makes way for the other, with the result that the lady, being the weaker, comes to grief.—London Telegraph.

Tokyo Fire Walkers.
A Yokohama correspondent of the Indianapolis Press, who witnessed the religious ceremony of fire walking in Tokyo, says: "There were present dignitaries and professors from the Imperial college and an Episcopal bishop, and we think there is sufficient evidence to prove that several Japanese women did walk through the fire. A doubting Thomas gathered up some of the salt in which they rubbed their feet, both before and after their hot walk, to take away and analyze. Another suggested that the bamboo pole that was used to make the path was hollow and may have contained a substance that sifted out as it was driven backward and forward that destroyed the heat. The little 'anuk' of my friend, when asked why the feet were not burned, replied, 'Much pray, much pray.' We have stated facts. The interpretation must come from those versed in the occult sciences."

Sawdust Graduates.

Most of the circus acrobats and not a few of the rough and tumble comedians of the stage who have graduated from the ring were reared and learned the rudiments of their business in the lumber towns of the northwest. In the "business" these are known as "sawdust towns" on account of the sawmills, which are their chief industry.

There are many of these in Wisconsin and Michigan and several in Iowa that have turned out the bulk of the acrobats and tumblers in the business. In the "sawdust towns" the small boys have exceptional facilities for learning to turn somersaults and hand-springs in the great beds of sawdust that surround the mills. Soon they begin to try the more difficult feats they see done in the shows that visit the towns. After school hours they tumble until it is time to go home and do the "chores." From out of them all there generally rise two or three boys who get the knack of the acrobatic feats, and these work in constant rivalry, each trying to excel the other.

One day along comes a circus, and the best boy tumbler applies for a job and shows what he can do. Perhaps he is given a chance as a "top mounter," or the top man in a pyramid act, because he is light and active. When he gets older, heavier and stronger, he may become an "understander," or the man who holds a mountain of men on his shoulders. And thus he gets to the show business.—Exchange.

Do You Eat Out or In?

The number and variety of knives and forks that now grace a well equipped and formal dinner table may well dismay one unused to such a variegated display of cutlery and silver. There are forks for the oysters, for the fish and for the roast and forks as well for anything else that may be served. There are also knives to correspond to the forks that may be needed. These implements that social convention decrees to be necessary to convey food to the mouth are usually laid out in formidable rows on either side of the plate.

The other evening a simple western maiden at her first eastern dinner surveyed her supply of knives and forks with growing trepidation. Her common sense told her that they were laid out in the regular order in which it was intended that they should be used, but nothing in her experience had taught her which was the right end of the row to start in with. Finally, in despair, she sought help from her next door neighbor, a prominent physician.

"Say, doc," she questioned anxiously as she pointed at the offending objects, "do you eat out or in?"—New York Tribune.

Wanted to Warn Him.

Sir Algernon West tells this story in his "Recollections." One day the late Sir George Campbell, who had a very strident, loud, rasping voice, called on Sir Algernon, who was then secretary to Mr. Gladstone, to talk over the land question.

After he had been in conversation about three minutes the office keeper appeared, bearing the card of an M. P. who, he said, was very anxious to see Sir Algernon. The latter said he was sorry to be engaged. In another minute he appeared with the card of a well known peer who was most desirous to have a word with him. Again the latter said he was too busy to see him just then. In another minute the man again came in with a huge card saying the lord mayor and sheriffs of London wanted to speak to Sir Algernon West very urgently in the next room.

Sir Algernon apologized to Sir George and went out to such great dignitaries. When he got out of the room, the office keeper started him by saying, "There ain't nobody here, sir, but I was afraid a madman had been shown in to you by mistake, and I wanted to warn you, sir."

Saved Her Life.

Riggs—Hear about Mrs. Titewadd? Told her husband she would kill herself if he didn't buy her a new bonnet. Jiggs—What did Titewadd do? Riggs—Got estimates on funerals, found he could save \$2 by buying the bonnet and saved her life.—Baltimore American.

Lost No Time.

Parke—I told my wife she could sell if she desired the furniture that had become too bad for use.

Lane—She was prompt to take the hint, was she?

Parke (sadly)—Was she? There isn't a thing left.—Harper's Bazar.

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Preparing For a "Dewel."
One of the most remarkable documents that have ever come under our observation is to be found in the case of ex parte Scoggin, 6 Tex. App. 546. Mr. Scoggin was under indictment for the murder of one William Gerard, and an extract from a memorandum book in defendant's handwriting and found near the body ran as follows:
JOHNSON Co., Tex., Jan. 24, 1875.
As this may be the last pencilling that I may ever do on earth May heaven Bless me and the man that I am going to die for, for we have been traveling to gether some time and have told out a bought the sum of \$25 and have agreed to fight a duel this Butifal night of our lord, and as one of us has to die May heaven bless us, as this is the last half hour on earth with one of us, heaven Preserve me now and forever. Written by Jesse Scoggin—Bored and rased in Tex. Signed by William Jrd, Bored in Illinois.

Mr. Scoggin's plety apparently brought victory to him in the "dewel," for his adversary when found appeared to have been struck behind the ear by a 13 inch shell.—Law Notes.

O'Connell and Massey.
Laughter has been fatal to at least one bill in the house of commons. In the days of O'Connell Thomas Massey, who was a sworn foe to everything that suggested popery, introduced a bill to abolish the suffix "mas" from all words in our language and to substitute "tide," thus converting "Christ-mas" into "Christtide," and so on.

When he hdd ended his introductory speech, O'Connell got up and said: "Since the honorable member has such an insuperable objection to the word 'mas' why does he not set a good example by anglicizing his own name? In that case we should be quite willing to speak of him as Thotide Tidey."

The house rolled with appreciative laughter, and Mr. Massey never recovered sufficient courage to speak of the bill again.

Strange Affair.
"It is shameful the way Marmaduke McCorker has treated Miss Fitzpatrick."

"What did he do?"
"Oh, he stimulated her to improve her mind and then broke the engagement on the ground that he was afraid to marry a woman who knew so much."—Indianapolis Journal.

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